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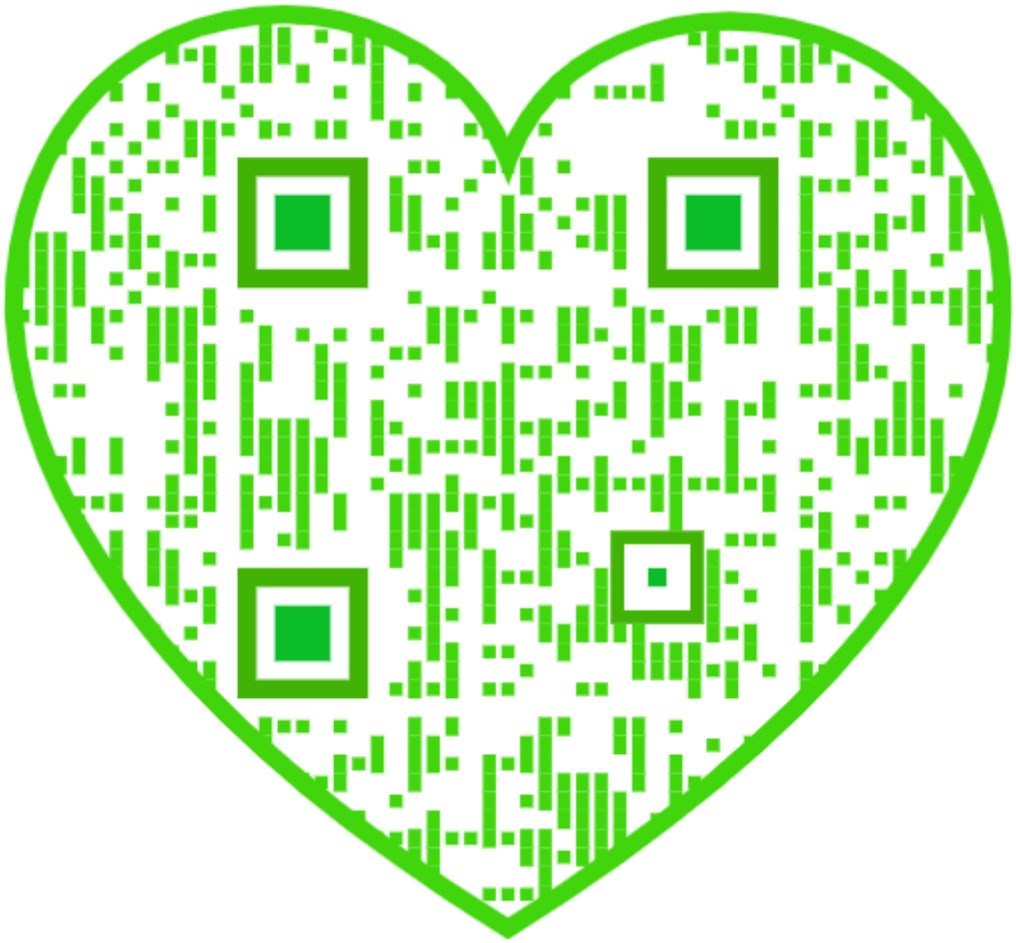

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In a Prologue, One Act and an Epilogue

By

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and

SUSIE E. ISENBARGER

MARCH BROTHERS, *Publishers*

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Betty Jane's Christmas Dream

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MRS. SMITH—Betty Jane's mother.

BETTY JANE—A selfish little girl.

SANTA CLAUS—Large boy.

PEPPERMINT STICKS—10 boys.

THE ORANGE BROTHERS—10 boys.

THE DOLLY FAMILY—6 girls.

RAG DOLLS—6 girls and 10 boys.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX—Boy.

TOY DRUM—Boy.

SACKS OF PEANUTS—10 boys.

SELFISHNESS, AN EVIL SPIRIT—Large girl.

TIME OF PRESENTATION: 45 minutes to 1½ hours.

COSTUMES

MOTHER—Conventional—modern.

BETTY—Nightdress. Ready for bed.

SANTA CLAUS—Regular costume.

SELFISHNESS—Black cloak with cowl. Carries cane.

PEPPERMINT STICKS—White suits with spiral stripes of red crepe paper around the body and around arms and legs. Hats made from tubes of cardboard to fit the heads, with spirals of red crepe paper similar to the rest of dress. Hats should be at least twelve inches high and should be fitted with elastics to go around the chin to keep them on.

THE ORANGE BROTHERS—Take two-yard lengths of regular width orange or yellow paper muslin and sew the ends together, making cylinders. Put drawstrings in top and bottom for drawing together. Place around the body, each boy keeping his arms folded, and stuff with excelsior or paper till good and tight. Upper drawstring should be around the neck.

DOLLY DIMPLES—Pink dress made to look as much like doll dress as possible. Patent leather slippers with buckles.

DOLLY MAY—Same as above, but dress of white material.

DOLLIES DI, DE AND DO—Dressed as nearly alike as possible. All wear hats.

DOLLY DE FAT—Flashy, expensive-looking hat, cloak and furs. Carries lorgnette.

RAG DOLLS—Ragged and patched dresses of various colors. Make as ludicrous as possible. Boy dolls should wear patched overalls and old straw hats. Use patches of different colors.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX—Clown suit. Large packing case or pasteboard box big enough for small boy to crouch down so the lid will close. Box should have no bottom and should be provided with hand holds inside so it can be moved when the boy is inside. It should be covered with white paper and decorated with stripes, pictures, etc.

TOY DRUM—As Jack-in-the-Box, the drum should be carried. Make a cylinder of cardboard about two feet in diameter and nearly the same height. Paint or decorate to represent a drum. Can be carried by extending the elbows inside or by hand holds.

SACKS OF PEANUTS—Imitation sacks made of heavy wrapping paper open at the bottom and reaching to the knee. Slit about a foot up the sides so boys can walk. Fasten together over the shoulders by paper fasteners or by sewing. Make twists on each side like those on peanut sacks. Boys should wear paper sacks on their heads.

[Girls may take the part of boys if there are not enough boys available.]

SCENE I

Prologue

[*Little girl's bedroom in a well-to-do home. Bed at left. Stockings hung at end of bed. Room decorated for Christmas. Christmas tree at right. Mother seated in rocker by the bed and Betty curled up at her feet.*]

MOTHER [*reading*]: And there were, in the same country, shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks by night; and an angel appeared and said unto them: "Fear not, for I bring you great tidings of great joy. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." And suddenly there was with the angels a host of heavenly beings praising God and saying: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace and good will toward men."

BETTY: Oh, mother, isn't that a beautiful story?

MOTHER: That, my dear, is the most beautiful story ever told.

BETTY: And have they celebrated the birth of Christ ever since by giving presents on Christmas?

MOTHER: Yes, Betty. On Christmas, nearly two thousand years ago, the world received the greatest

gift ever given, and this Christmas eve we should be thankful for that gift. We should indeed be happy with whatever we receive on Christmas, even if there is something we'd rather have.

BETTY: But mother, how can one be thankful for something one doesn't want? Last year I was terribly disappointed. The dolls were VERY inferior. And as for shoes and stockings and such things to wear, why they're not presents at all, for I'd have to have them anyway. Besides, the candy, fruits and other things to eat were not any better than the little girls got whose fathers are not nearly so well off as mine. I don't see why, when Christmas comes but once a year, and since we can afford it, that I can't have what I want.

MOTHER: Daughter, those kind of thoughts show that you are missing entirely the spirit of Christmas. I had hopes that when you grew older you might lose some of your selfishness. Even though our circumstances are such that we can have most of the comforts of life, your father and I have tried to lead you to see that an unselfish spirit leads to happiness and that selfishness causes pain, but I fear your lesson is yet to be learned. [*Earnestly.*] Betty, there's many a poor little child who could be made extremely happy with just a little of what you have.

BETTY: Then that's easliy fixed, mother. You may give the things I don't want to the poor children after I have looked them over in the morning.

MOTHER [*sadly shaking her head*]: My poor little selfish girl, I suppose your father and I are partly responsible for your attitude through giving you too much, even when we thought we were being conservative. I fear that your love of self will sometime cost you dearly. All I hope is, that when you

learn your lesson it will be emphatic, but not too late nor too costly.

BETTY [*jumping up and hugging her mother*]: Now, mother, don't scold me on Christmas eve. Kiss me good-night, so I can get a WHO—O—O—OLE lot of sleep, so I can have a great time tomorrow.

MOTHER [*rising and kissing Betty*]: Shall I sing you your good-night song?

BETTY: Oh, yes, do. Wait till I say my prayers. [*Betty and mother kneel by the bed for a minute, mother's arm about Betty. Tableau.*]

BETTY [*both rise*]: Now, mumsie, tuck me in. Then you can sing.

[*Mother puts her to bed, then sits by the bed in chair and holds her hand while she sings. Any lullaby will do.*]

MOTHER [*rising as chorus offstage softly repeats the lullaby. Stands facing bed with bowed head*]: Only a baby, and the seeds of selfishness already beyond the sprouting. May I have wisdom to cope with it. [*Turns off lights and exits.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE II

[*Same as Scene I. Soft lights. Betty asleep on the bed. Sound of sleighbells without.*]

SANTA CLAUS [*outside*]: Whoa! Whoa! Whoa, Prancer! Whoa, Vixon! Stand still and rest while you can. You've a long way to go yet tonight. [*Enters. Lights flare up.*] Well! Well! Here's the first little one for me to visit. Sound asleep, too. [*Walks to bed.*] Dreaming of me, I guess. Well, so much the better for my business if she just keeps

on dreaming. I hate to have 'em wake up. They're too inquisitive. Now, for MY fun. [*Stoops and feels in the sack. Drops sack and feels all over himself and in all his pockets. Pats himself all over. Scratches his head in puzzlement.*] Now, bless my bones, where do you think it can be? Who ever heard of the old man forgetting his list? I'll bet Mother Santa forgot to put it in my pocket. She knows how absent-minded I am. [*Straightening up.*] There's only one thing to do, and that's go back after it. I'd be in a terrible fix if I got things mixed. I wonder where I can hide my sack till I come back. [*Looks all around.*] Ah, behind this door's the very place. [*Crosses to door R. and hides sack offstage.*] There! No one will disturb it there. Now I must hurry or I can't finish tonight.

[*Exit R. Sounds of bells. Quietness for a few moments. Stirring sounds and confusion of voices offstage R.*]

FIRST PEPPERMINT STICK [*offstage R.*]: I say, I will get out of this sack. Who'll stop me? What? I stepped on you? Well, it serves you right for being so round and fat. I don't like oranges anyway. They sour my otherwise sweet disposition. Come on fellers! Let's explore the premises. [*Enter ten peppermint sticks with a rush.*]

FIRST P. STICK: Whee! Whoop! Now we're free.

SECOND P. STICK: Let me stretch myself. [*Stretches.*]

THIRD P. STICK: This beats that stuffy old sack.

FOURTH P. STICK [*shivering*]: And, oh, but I'm cold!

FIRST P. STICK: Watch your step when you're cold.

FIFTH P. STICK: Yes, my brother broke his back that last cold spell.

SIXTH P. STICK: Oh, well, it's a great bother being so brittle anyway.

ALL: So say we all.

[*All line up in front and sing to the tune "Comin' Thro' the Rye"*]:

We're the peppermint family, as every one can see,
And though we look so very strong, we're brittle as can be;
We have to watch our P's and Q's and never, never fall,
Because if we should tumble down,
It's sudden death—That's all.

SEVENTH P. STICK [*sauntering around*]: Now I feel some better. [*Sees Betty.*] Oh, I say, brothers, look here.

ALL [*crossing over*]: Ah—h—h—h.

EIGHTH P. STICK [*looking at stockings*]: Here's her stockings. This paper says her name's Betty Jane Smith.

FIRST P. STICK [*astounded*]: What? Not that horrible, selfish Smith child. Well, you can rest assured I'll not stay here, nor will I permit any one of the gang to stay. Why, do you know that last year she deliberately murdered twelve of our brothers in cold blood? Yes, threw them on the floor in a fit of rage because she wanted chocolates instead. I'll tell you they were very much BROKEN UP about it.

ALL: We'll not stay here.

NINTH P. STICK: Let us hunt some grateful child.

TENTH P. STICK: That's a good idea, but let's exercise a little before we leave so we won't get so cold.

FIRST P. STICK: That suits me.

ALL: Yes, let's do.

[*Formation for folk dance or drill. Any good one will do. "The Snowmen" suggested. Exit at its completion. As they leave, the first orange bounces onto the stage.*]

FIRST ORANGE [*prancing around*]: Now, where is he? Where is that impudent candy stick and his saucy brothers. I'll teach them how to tramp on me. He nearly mashed me. [*Looks all around.*] They don't seem to be here. I suppose they've skipped out. Good riddance, is what I say. They're bad enough when they're cold, but when they get in where it's warm I must say they are very much STUCK UP. [*Calling off to R.*] Come on up, brothers, and stretch yourselves. [*Enter nine other oranges.*]

SECOND ORANGE: My, what a cozy place!

THIRD ORANGE: O—o—o—h, look at the stockings!

FOURTH ORANGE: Yes, and there's where I'd now be snugly fitting if Santa Claus hadn't forgotten his list. [*To brothers.*] Now that we are here, what are we going to do?

FIFTH ORANGE: Let us do our setting-up exercises to smooth out our wrinkles.

ALL: O! K!

[*Formation for drill. Any marching drill is good here where the arms are not used. "Valentine Dance," Part I, suggested.*]

SIXTH ORANGE: Do you know, I like that exercise! It makes my orange blood tingle. It suffuses my face with orange-colored blushes.

SEVENTH ORANGE: Yes, and it's good for plump fellows like us. It helps our figures so.

EIGHTH ORANGE [*panting*]: Well, I don't like it. See, I'm all out of breath.

NINTH ORANGE: Yes, and I know why. A plain case of the cost of high living. Your fast life has put you out of condition. That's what is the matter with you.

TENTH ORANGE [*who has been examining stockings*]: Sh—h—h—h! [*Holds finger to lips and comes forward. All hold fingers to lips and form circle around him.*]

ALL: Sh—h—h—h!!

TENTH ORANGE: I've just made a discovery. The name on those stockings is "Betty Jane Smith." Now what I know of her would make your juice run cold.

ALL [*very much excited*]: Oh, dear, what is it?

TENTH ORANGE [*looking all around, finger to lips. All look around.*] Sh—h—h—h! It's a terrible tale! But true, ah how true! Listen! Last year my older brother was brought here to her. He was overjoyed to think that he was going to give some child pleasure. He thought how she would enjoy tasting his excellent flavor. Poor boy! How sad his disillusionment! Do you know what she did? Took one bite out of him and threw him out in the snow to a terrible death, with never a thought of the waste. And right around the corner lived a poor little girl who had no Christmas goodies at all.

FIRST ORANGE: And she did this thoughtlessly?

TENTH ORANGE: Yes, thoughtlessly.

SECOND ORANGE: Did she have any more oranges?

TENTH ORANGE: Yes, lots of them, but they were not touched by her.

THIRD ORANGE: And she didn't offer any to the poor little girl?

TENTH ORANGE: Not one.

FOURTH ORANGE: Such selfishness is awful. Come on. Let's go around and give ourselves to the poor girl.

ALL: That is what we'll do.

FIRST ORANGE: Let her sleep on. Maybe this will teach her a lesson. [*Exit oranges.*]

BETTY [*rising up and stretching out her arms to the oranges*]: Come back! Come back, oranges. I shall not be so thoughtless again. [*Falls back asleep.*]

[*Enter dollies, one at a time. As each enters, she comes forward and recites, all forming a line at front. It is a good plan to have them act very stiff at first and slowly come to life.*]

DOLLY DIMPLE:

My name is Dolly Dimple,
I'm as sweet as sweet can be;
But those oranges rumpled me all up,
When they scrambled over me.

DOLLY MAY [*carrying basket*]:

My name is Dolly May,
Why they call me so, I never ask it;
But when I Christmas shopping go,
I always take my little basket.

DOLLIES DI, DE AND DO [*entering together. Each one pointing to herself as she says her name*]:

We are the Dollies Di—De—Do,
Why they call us triplets we don't know;
But we're together where e'er we go,
Three little Dollies, Di—De—Do.

DOLLY DE FAT [*comes forward holding her lorgnette*]:

My name is Miss Dolly De Fat,
I'm a blue-blooded aristocrat;
I came in a sack, 'twas against my will,
And of course, vulgah folks, I've had my fill.

ALL:

The Dolly family now you see,
We're just as clever as we can be;
We keep ourselves so very neat,
That people say: "Oh, aren't they sweet"?

DOLLY DE F.: My deahs, I think I shall stroll about the place a bit.

DOLLY D.: Yes, let's see what we can find.

[*All walk about. Dolly May finds stockings and at the same time Di, De and Do find Betty in bed.*]

DOLLY M.: Oh, here are stockings with a note on them.

DI, DE AND DO: And HERE is a little girl asleep.

DOLLY DE F.: Let me see the note, my deah, perhaps one of us is to be given to this little girl. This is RAWTHER a nice place, and I shouldn't mind staying here. [*Takes note and reads aloud.*]

DOLLY DE F.: Betty Jane Smith!

DOLLY D. [*hand to brow*]: Betty Jane Smith? Oh, fan me girls. I feel faint. [*All crowd around her.*] Oh, what a shock. We must leave here at once.

ALL: Leave? Why?

DOLLY D.: This little girl is a horrid thing. She abuses her dolls shamefully. Leaves them out in the rain, pulls their hair, gets their dresses dirty. and is never satisfied with any of them.

ALL: How terrible!

DOLLY D.: Last year she had three, and when some other little girls wanted to play with them she shut every doll up in a dark closet.

DOLLY DE F.: How shocking!

DI, DE AND DO: Let us leave this place at once.

DOLLY M.: Yes, let us find a home with some little girl who will appreciate us.

DOLLY DE F. [*indignantly*]: I am going at once. This is terrible. Besides, I think I hear those COMMON rag dolls raising a disturbance in the sack. They'll be in here next. SHIFTLESS TRASH! [*Exit all.*]

BETTY [*jumping out of bed*]: Oh, dollies, dollies, I'll be good to you and share you with the other little girls. Come back! Come back! [*Gets into bed again; sleeps.*]

[*Enter rag dolls in order. They walk in a loose, staggering manner with their arms hanging loosely in imitation of rag dolls. Each comes to the front in order and names herself.*]

JOLLY M. [*pointing to herself*]: Jolly Molly!

QUAKER P. [*same*]: Quaker Polly!

SUSAN [*same*]: Susan! Save a place for me.

HENRIETTA [*same*]: Henrietta!

LIZABETTA [*same*]: Lizabetta!

ALL [*turning*]: Oh where can Sallie be? [*Enter Sallie, crying.*]

SALLIE:

I'm scared plum to death,
I'm all out of breath,
That Jack-in-the-Box jumped at me;
I stepped on the spring,
And out popped the thing,
What they make 'em for is what I can't see!

JOLLY M.: I feel frisky.

ALL: So say we all. Let's frisk!

[*Formation for drill. Should be such as to offer possibilities for ludicrous action of dolls. "Chickens," Part III, awkwardly performed, suggested.*]

QUAKER P.: I'm too prim for that kind of exercise.

SUSAN: I'm not mentioning any names, but SOME people are TOO prim for me.

QUAKER P.: Well, I'll admit that I'm a little stiff, but some people forget themselves entirely. I hope I am lady-like even if I am a rag doll.

HENRIETTA: Girls, stop arguing!

LIZABETTA: That's what I say. Let us have a peaceful Christmas eve.

JOLLY M.: Oh, every time someone mentions Christmas eve, it reminds me of my Christmas song.

ALL: Sing it for us, Molly.

[*Solo by Molly, dolls joining in the chorus. Any Christmas song will do. "Be Jolly," suggested.*]

QUAKER P.: I like to see people happy. It is a pleasure to me to know that we rag dolls can give some happiness.

HENRIETTA: I am glad too. Maybe we can bring happiness to someone here.

LIZABETTA: Let us see who lives here. I'm sure I'd love to make a little girl happy this Christmas.

QUAKER P. [*finding Betty in bed*]: Dolls, come here. See this little girl? [*All gather around.*] We can stay here and make her happy.

SALLIE [*looking at Betty*]: Oh! Can it be? [*Pauses and looks closer.*] Yes it is. Sisters, we can't

stay here. This little girl pulls the cotton out of rag dolls. I had it from one who knows. Last year in a mad fit because she got a rag doll she tore it nearly to pieces, and only the rag man's little girl saved its life by patching it up.

QUAKER P.: We'll sing a carol and depart for a home where we can expect appreciation from our little mistress.

[*They sing a Christmas carol. "Star of Bethlehem," suggested. Exit as they sing. Boy rag dolls come on to music and either sing or do a stunt immediately after rag dolls. This is optional. "Patches" is a good song for this. Exit all.*]

JACK-IN-THE-BOX [*singing offstage. Tune, "Reuben, Reuben"*]:

I've been shut up till I'm dizzy,
This old box is dark inside;
Right this minute I'll get busy,
I'm going to see the world so wide.

[*Enters. Music continues as he goes around the stage. Lid on the box remains closed till he stops with a flourish at front and pops out of the box. This takes a little practice.*]

J.-IN-B. [*down C.*]: Well, this ain't so bad. Nice and warm anyway. [*Sees Betty.*] Hello, sis, who are you? [*Goes over to the bed.*] Hey, wake up, you've got company.

BETTY [*sitting up*]: Oh, Mr. Jack-in-the-Box, I am so glad you stopped here a minute. I want to talk to you.

J.-IN-B.: All right. When ready, Gridley, you may fire. But where are the rest of the folks that escaped from life imprisonment? I thought they headed this way. Why didn't they stay and entertain you with some soul-stirring elucidation?

BETTY [*confused*]: Why, Oh—er, Why, you see, they left me.

J.-IN-B.: So it appears to the naked eye. But why do you want me to stay?

BETTY: Oh, because I am so lonely. Even if you are only a cheap Jack-in-the-Box and a boy's toy at that, you'll do rather than nothing at all.

J.-IN-B.: Cheap, eh? [*Striking an attitude.*] My dear Madam, you insult me. I'll have you understand that I belong to the most exclusive set in the five and ten cent store. In fact, I'm very much sought after at all the red-front social functions. The life of the party, as it were.

BETTY [*very much confused*]: Oh, yes, to be sure, I beg your pardon.

J.-IN-B. [*condescendingly*]: I'll overlook it this time. But please tell me why the rest of the Christmas gifts went away and left you.

BETTY: I'm very much ashamed to say that in the past I've not appreciated my gifts as I should, and some of this year's gifts found it out and wouldn't stay. But you'll stay, won't you?

J.-IN-B.: No, can't risk it. Folks as old as you are apt to be set in their ways. Besides I want to see the world. My advice to you is, mend your ways. People's ways are like ten-cent store socks, they need frequent mending. [*Shuts up in his box and exits.*]

BETTY [*lies down*]: Oh, I'm so miserable!

[*As she says this, a drum is heard beating march time offstage. Beats continue offstage as drum marches on to the stage and around two or three times with funny antics. Stops down C.*]

DRUM: There, that helps my rubs, and my dubs and my rub-a-dub-dubs. [*Walks to bed.*] My little miss, I heard what you and my friend Jack-in-the-Box were talking about. My advice to you is to learn a lesson from this night and change your selfish ways. Love every one and take care of your toys as if they had feelings the same as you.

[*Chorus offstage sings a lively marching song as he exits. "The Toys' March," suggested.*]

PEANUTS [*singing offstage to the tune "Smiles"*]:

There are smiles that make you happy,
There are smiles that make you blue;

[*Entering and marching around stage single file.*]

But the smile that comes from eating peanuts,
Is the smile we're going to give to you.
There's a flavor that is always pleasing,
In good peanuts, that is why we're here;
So we wish you all a Merry Christmas,
Merry Christmas to all—Good Cheer.

[*Chorus offstage repeats as they line up in front and scatter peanuts over the audience. After the little confusion caused dies down, each recites in a sing-song voice.*]

SACK NO. 1:

My friends we come to you today,
Full of good cheer, that is our way;
We're sorry that we can not stay,
But we must hurry, no delay.

SACK NO. 4:

Now we'd be glad to stay with you,
But then you see, 'twould never do;
For with this little girl we're through,
You think she's selfish? We think so too.

SACK NO. 10:

We know where lots of girls and boys,
Are generous and like their toys;
We're going to find them without noise,
And help them with their Christmas joys.

ALL:

So now we bid you all good-bye,
If people ask, just tell them why;
That little children low or high,
Will always pass selfishness by.

[*Place hands on shoulders, face left and march around stage singing as before and exit.*]

BETTY: Oh, dear, my ungratefulness and selfishness have caught me up at last. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! [*Enter Spirit of Selfishness.*]

SELFISHNESS [*limping across room with cane*]: Yes, selfish child, your selfishness has caught you up at last.

BETTY [*frightened*]: Who are you?

SELF.: I am the Spirit of Selfishness. Of all the evil spirits, I am the worst. I cause family trouble. I cause trouble between friends. I rob life of its sweetest blessings. Nations bow before my will. I have caused more suffering than all other vices, and in the end I conquer all of my victims just as I am now going to clutch you, never to free you again. [*Makes dash at the bed. Betty screams. Lights go out.*].

CURTAIN

SCENE III

Epilogue

[*Same as Scene II. Betty on the floor by the bed, screaming. Stockings filled and other evidences of Christmas morning. Christmas tree lighted. Betty's mother comes rushing in as Betty screams.*]

BETTY [*screaming*]: Mother! Mother! Mother! Oh! Oh! Oh!

MOTHER [*rushing into room*]: Why Betty, darling, what is the matter? Did you fall out of bed on Christmas morning?

BETTY: Oh, no, no, no! Don't let her get me. Don't let her come here.

MOTHER: Who? Let who come here?

BETTY: Why that mean old woman. She said she was the Spirit of Selfishness and tried to get me. Oh, my beautiful toys and goodies. They're gone, and nobody's here but that old woman. Where is she? She was here just before you came in.

MOTHER: But Betty, there's been no old woman here, and your toys aren't gone.

BETTY: Yes, yes. They're all gone to poor little children who are not selfish.

MOTHER: But look! Here are all your presents and your nice tree. You must have dreamed something bad. [*Picks up stocking.*] See, here are your stockings bulging with things.

BETTY [*hugging her mother and sobbing*]: But, mother, it can't be. I saw them and talked to them, and then they ran off. They're gone, I tell you.

MOTHER: Listen, pet. You have evidently had a dream. Your gifts are all here and a very nice lot, indeed. Come, let us look at them and forget the dream.

BETTY [*walking with mother toward tree where presents are placed*]: Well, if it was a dream, it was the realest dream I ever had. Santa Claus came and left them in the sack and they got out and ran off. And—say, mother, are there poor children who don't have any Christmas?

MOTHER [*astonished*]: Yes, there are hundreds of them. And Betty, I'm afraid to think so, but I believe my wish for you to learn your lesson has been gratified. Last night I told you that your selfishness would cause you pain, but I didn't think so simple a thing as a dream would make you see it.

BETTY: It wasn't simple. It was terrible.

MOTHER: If it was so real as to make my little girl forget her selfishness, it was real indeed. But let us forget it now. Come, look at your beautiful presents.

BETTY [*crossing*]: Oh, you beautiful dollie. [*Picks up doll.*] My darling dollie with blue eyes. You're really for me. Oh, I'll take care of you and love you always.

MOTHER: Does the dollie suit you?

BETTY: Suit me? It's a darling. [*Lays it down.*] And her name is Dolly Dimple. [*Picks up rag doll.*] And here's Jolly Molly. I shan't disturb your cotton stuffing one bit. I'll be nice to you.

MOTHER—You seem to find names for your dollies quickly, dear.

BETTY: Find names? Why I don't find names. Those are their names.

MOTHER: Was your dream so real as all that? Did the dollies in it have names?

BETTY: Yes, mother. They talked and showed me my badness. And mother—

MOTHER: Yes?

BETTY: I want you to let me enjoy my Christmas in my own way today.

MOTHER: You may enjoy it in any GOOD way.

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